THE HAUNCH OF VENISON,

A

POETICAL EPISTLE

TO

LORD CLARE.

A NEW EDITION.

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Audubon

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By the late Dr. GOLDSMITH.

A NEW EDITION,

With conſiderable ADDITIONS and CORRECTIONS,

Taken from the AUTHOR's *laſt* Tranſcript.

With a HEAD of the AUTHOR,

Drawn by HENRY BUNBURY, Eſq; and Etched by BRETHERTON.

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MDCCLXXVI.

A

POETICAL EPISTLE

FROM THE LATE

Dr. OLIVER GOLDSMITH

THANKS, my Lord, for your Veniſon, for finer or fatter
Never rang'd in a foreſt, or ſmoak'd in a platter;
The Haunch was a picture for Painters to ſtudy,
The fat was ſo white, and the lean was ſo ruddy.
Tho' my ſtomach was ſharp, I could ſcarce help regretting,
To ſpoil ſuch a delicate picture by eating;

I had thoughts, in my Chambers, to place it in view,
To be ſhewn to my Friends as a piece of *Virtu*;
As in ſome *Iriſh* houſes, where things are ſo ſo,
One Gammon of Bacon hangs up for a ſhow:
But for eating a Raſher of what they take pride in,
They'd as ſoon think of eating the Pan it is fry'd in.
But hold—let me pauſe—Don't I hear you pronounce,
This tale of the Bacon a damnable Bounce?
Well, ſuppoſe it a Bounce—ſure a Poet may try,
By a Bounce now and then, to get Courage to fly:
But, my Lord, it's no Bounce: I proteſt in my Turn,
It's a Truth—and your Lordſhip may aſk Mr. *Burn*.

To go on with my Tale—as I gaz'd on the Haunch,
I thought of a Friend that was truſty and ſtaunch;
So I cut it, and ſent it to *Reynolds* undreſt,
To paint it, or eat it, juſt as he lik'd beſt.
Of the Neck and the Breaſt I had next to diſpoſe;
'Twas a Neck and a Breaſt that might rival *M—r—ſe*:
But in parting with theſe I was puzzled again,
With the how, and the who, and the where, and the when.
There's *H—d*, and *C—y*, and *H—rth*, and *H—ff*,
I think they love Veniſon—I know they love Beef.
There's my Countryman *H-gg-ns*—Oh! let him alone,
For making a Blunder, or picking a Bone.

But

But hang it—to Poets who ſeldom can eat,

Your very good Mutton's a very good Treat;

Such Dainties to them their Health it might hurt,

It's like ſending them Ruffles, when wanting a Shirt.

While thus I debated, in Reverie center'd,

An Acquaintance, a Friend as he call'd himſelf, enter'd;

An under-bred, fine-ſpoken Fellow was he,

And he ſmil'd, as he look'd at the Veniſon and me.

What have we got here?—Why this is good eating!

Your own I ſuppoſe—or it is in Waiting?

Why whoſe ſhould it be? cried I, with a Flounce,

I get theſe Things often;—but that was a Bounce:

Some

Some Lords, my acquaintance, that ſettle the nation,

Are pleas'd to be kind — but I hate oſtentation.

If that be the caſe then, cried he, very gay,

I'm glad I have taken this Houſe in my Way.

To-morrow you take a poor dinner with me;

No Words — I inſiſt on't — preciſely at three:

We'll have *Johnſon*, and *Burke*, all the Wits will be there,

My acquaintance is ſlight, or I'd aſk my *Lord Clare*.

And now that I think on't, as I am a ſinner!

We wanted this Veniſon to make out the Dinner.

What ſay you — a paſty — it ſhall, and it muſt,

And my Wife, little *Kitty*, is famous for cruſt.

Here, Porter — this veniſon with me to *Mile-end*;

No ſtirring — I beg — my dear friend — my dear friend!

Thus ſnatching his hat, he bruſht off like the wind,

And the porter and eatables follow'd behind.

Left alone to reflect, having emptied my ſhelf,

And no body with me at ſea but myſelf;

Tho' I could not help thinking my gentleman haſty,

Yet *Johnſon*, and *Burke*, and a good veniſon paſty,

Were things that I never diſlik'd in my life,

Tho' clogg'd with a coxcomb, and *Kitty* his Wife.

So next Day in due ſplendor to make my approach,

I drove to his door in my own Hackney-coach.

When come to the place where we all were to dine,
(A chair lumber'd cloſet juſt twelve feet by nine:)
My friend bade me welcome, but ſtruck me quite dumb,
With tidings that *Johnſon*, and *Burke* would not come.
For I knew it, he cried, both eternally fail,
The one with his ſpeeches, and t'other with *Thrale*;
But no matter, I'll warrant we'll make up the party,
With two full as clever, and ten times as hearty.
The one is a Scotchman, the other a Jew,
They both of them merry, and authors like you;
The one writes the *Snarler*, the other the *Scourge*;
Some think he writes *Cinna*—he owns to *Panurge*.

While thus he deſcrib'd them by trade, and by name,
They enter'd, and dinner was ſerv'd as they came.
At the top a fried liver, and bacon were ſeen,
At the bottom was tripe, in a ſwinging tureen;
At the Sides there was ſpinnage and pudding made hot;
In the middle a place where the paſty — was not.
Now, my Lord, as for Tripe it's my utter averſion,
And your Bacon I hate like a *Turk* or a *Perſian*;
So there I ſat ſtuck, like a horſe in a pound,
While the bacon and liver went merrily round:
But what vex'd me moſt, was that d—'d *Scottiſh* Rogue,
With his long-winded ſpeeches, his ſmiles and his brogue.

And Madam, quoth he, may this bit be my poiſon,
A prettier dinner I never ſet eyes on;
Pray a ſlice of your liver, tho' may I be curſt,
But I've eat of your tripe, till I'm ready to burſt.
The Tripe, quoth the *Jew*, with his chocolate cheek,
I could dine on this tripe ſeven days in the week:
I like theſe here dinners, ſo pretty and ſmall;
But your Friend there, the Doctor, eats nothing at all.
O — Oh! quoth my Friend, he'll come on in a trice,
He's keeping a corner for ſomething that's nice:
There's a Paſty — A Paſty! repeated the *Jew*;
I don't care, if I keep a corner for't too.

What the De'il, Mon, a Paſty! re-echoed the *Scot*;
Though ſplitting, I'll ſtill keep a corner for that.
We'll all keep a corner, the Lady cried out;
We'll all keep a corner was echoed about.
While thus we reſolv'd, and the Paſty delay'd,
With looks that quite petrified, enter'd the Maid;
A viſage ſo ſad, and ſo pale with affright,
Wak'd *Priam* in drawing his curtains by night.
But we quickly found out, for who could miſtake her?
That ſhe came with ſome terrible news from the Baker:
And ſo it fell out, for that negligent ſloven,
Had ſhut out the Paſty on ſhutting his oven.

Sad Philomel thus—but let Similes drop—

And now that I think on't, the Story may ſtop.

To be plain, my good Lord, it's but labour miſplac'd,

To ſend ſuch good verſes to one of your taſte;

You've got an odd ſomething—a kind of diſcerning—

A reliſh—a taſte—ſicken'd over by learning;

At lea ſt, it's your temper, as very well known,

That you think very ſlightly of all that's your own:

So, perhaps, in your habits of thinking amiſs,

You may make a miſtake, and think ſlightly of this.

F I N I S.

F I N I S.

EPITAPH.

THIS tomb, inſcrib'd to gentle PARNEL's name,
May ſpeak our gratitude, but not his fame.
What heart but feels his ſweetly-moral lay,
That leads to Truth thro' Pleaſure's flow'ry way?
Celeſtial themes confeſs'd his tuneful aid;
And Heav'n, that lent him Genius, was repaid.
Needleſs to him the tribute we beſtow,
The tranſitory breath of Fame below:
More laſting rapture from his Works ſhall riſe,
While Converts thank their Poet in the ſkies.

FROM THE

Oratorio of the CAPTIVITY,

BY

Dr. *GOLDSMITH.*

SONG.

THE Wretch condemn'd with life to part,
Still, ſtill on Hope relies;
And ev'ry pang that rends the heart,
Bids Expectation riſe.

Hope, like the glim'ring taper's light,
Adorns and chears the way;
And ſtill, as darker grows the night,
Emits a brighter ray.

SONG.

S O N G.

I.

O Memory! thou fond deceiver,
Still importunate and vain,
To former joys, recurring ever,
And turning all the paſt to pain;

II.

Thou, like the world, th' oppreſt oppreſſing,
Thy ſmiles increaſe the wretch's woe?
And he who wants each other bleſſing,
In thee muſt ever find a foe.